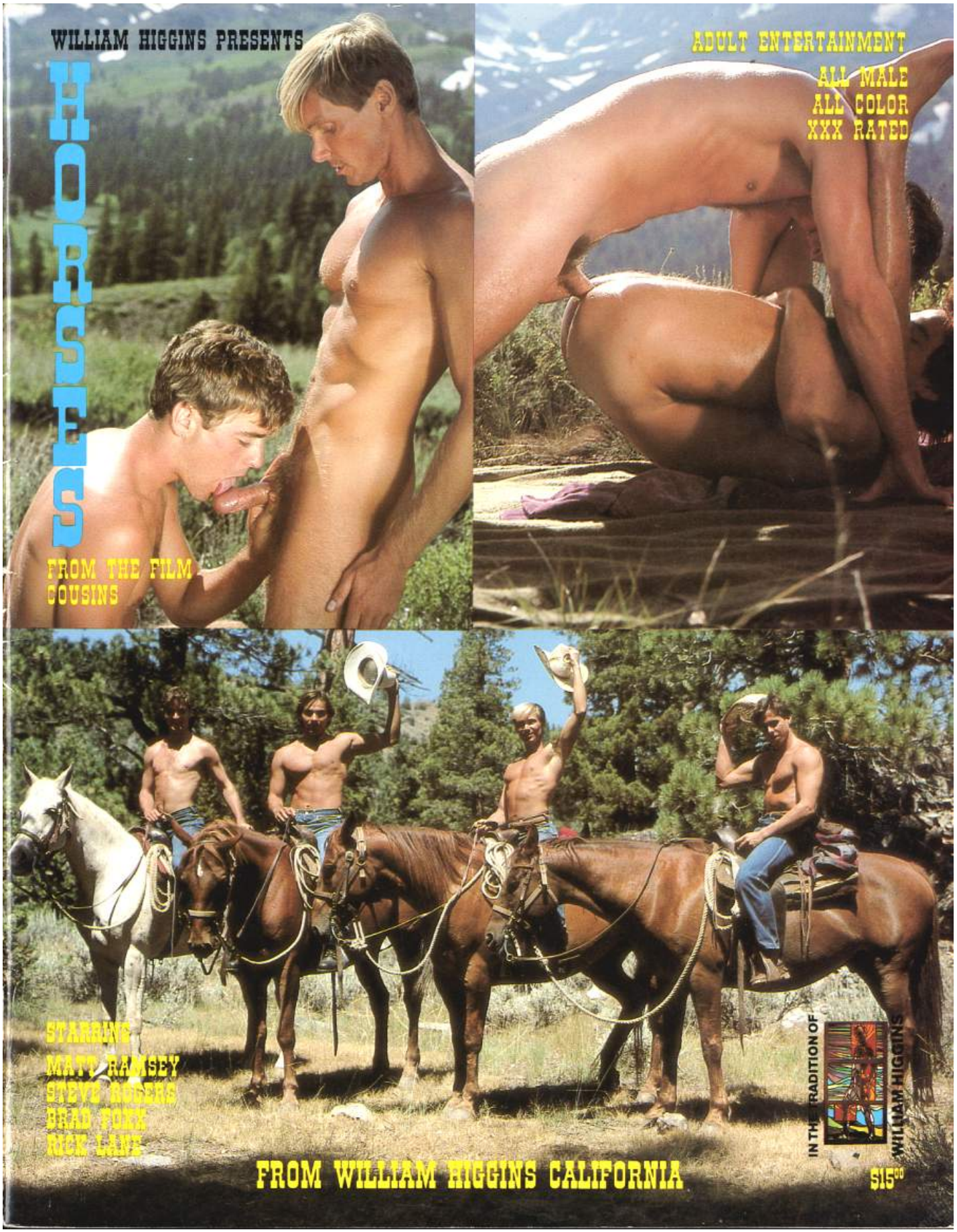
WILLIAM HIGGINS PRESENTS
HORSES
FROM THE FILM
COUSINS
ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
ALL MALE
ALL COLOR
XXX RATED
STARRING
MATT RAMSEY
STEVE ROGERS
BRAD FOXX
RICK LANE
IN THE TRADITION OF
WILLIAM HIGGINS
FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS CALIFORNIA
$15.00

There's only one thing more hot than guys riding bareback and that's guys riding bareback bare! Just ask four pals who did just that recently up near California's Big Bear mountain range.

The hot riding party was planned by Matt Ramsey, who usually was the catalyst when he and his three buddies, Rick Lane, Brad Foxx and Steve Rogers got together. More often than not their get-togethers were on Friday nights for poker and some heavy-duty beer drinking, but they all jumped at the chance to go riding one weekend when Matt proposed it. A couple of them had never been on horses, but Matt assured them it was as easy as riding a bicycle. Besides that, he told 'em, "I'll teach you everything you need to know."

Matt, who was seldom without his cowboy hat, was one helluva hot stud who'd grown up on ranches and never had lost his love for the outdoors, even though like the others he had a big city job. By the time Saturday rolled around, he was as excited as any of the other virgin riders.

On the way up to Big Bear, Matt was full of stories of ranch life. The others never knew whether he was bullshittin' or on the level. They didn't much care because his kind of talk always was a turnon.

"I had a couple of Tennessee Walkers back in Ohio but now I haven't got anyplace to keep 'em," Matt said as he drove. "Boy, I miss havin' 'em. I've been around horses since I was a small stud!"

"Get him," Rick teased, "and he'd like us to think he was hung like a horse!" The others laughed, but Matt was into his memories.

"You don't know, guys, but to see a huge horse cock unreeled and hangin' to air-dry just makes my prick hard to think about it!" That caught their attention all right.

"Did you ever mess around with a horse?" Brad wanted to know.

"First time I touched a horse cock was when I was grooming a horse. His cock began to creep out and hang down . . . then all at once it jerked erect and I was blown away at the huge ballooned size of the swollen head. It stuck in my mind for a long, long time."

"Did you do anything with it?" Brad asked.

"Get Brad, always after big meat!" Steve teased.

"No, really, Matt . . . did you ever really mess around with a horse dick?"

Matt smiled and his own cock began to swell as he remembered. "I had my first taste of sex with a stallion some years ago. I spent my summer vacation with my uncle back in Pennsylvania. I was young, but hot to go and he was in his 30's and divorced. No wonder. He was a sloppy asshole bastard, drank too much at night and spent the day in the saddle sobering up.

"He had several stud horses and a young punk for a groom. He was never nice to me and always thought and treated me like a servant, and since he was hairy, macho, arrogant, and a good looking prick, the scene was made to order for me! I secretly wanted to service his prick, not to mention the stable boys, and it turns out their feelings were mutual. I also wanted to service the horse cocks and it wasn't even a day before my uncle invited me and initiated me into horse cock licking, pulling and sucking."

By now all four of them had bulges growing in their pants but none of the others would have admitted they were turned on by stories about sex with animals.

Matt went on, "Man, it was wild! He had a homemade hobble so the stallion couldn't kick, and the sight of it would cause the horse to start sliding out of its sheath. Fuck, was that damn meat a slimy thing. A real ball buster! My uncle always used a leather glove when he handled it, and I'd work my tongue and

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mouth around the head that smelt like a stale urinal.

"The horses didn't always cum. In fact, my uncle wasn't successful the very first time. So it ended up with me sucking him off. . ."

"The horse?" Brad interrupted.

"No, my uncle. I'd suck him off while the groom felt my own horse cock up his hot ass. I rammed that little fucker with my hard rod til we all shot off at the same time. He had hot cum dripping from his ass by the time I was through."

"You mean the horse never came?" Brad asked.

"Not that time. But when the horses did shoot I'd be drowned in the flow. . . all over my face and hair and running off my chin down onto my own prick. Then I'd jack off using it as a great lube for my hot prick. I swallowed as much as I could, but it was almost impossible to swallow that much that fast. And his jerks and rams made the shots so intense it would knock my head back with the force."

For a moment there was silence. As usual the three of them never knew whether Matt was telling the truth or putting them on. His stories always sounded so damned real it was hard to believe they weren't. And this one was a dilly.

After a moment, Brad finally muttered, "Wow. . . that's hot!"

"Just another one of Matt's imaginary stories," Rick snickered.

"I don't think so. It sounded too real to me," Brad said. "It is the truth, isn't it Matt?"

Matt just smiled that mischievous grin of his again. "What do you think?" he said nonchalantly.

By the time they reached the stables their dicks had gone down, but the juices hadn't stopped flowing. Matt's story had gotten 'em all hot and bothered, and riding stallions in the sun all day wasn't going to help matters one bit!

Matt picked out the most spirited stallions for hire and after some preliminary instruction he and the three greenhorns were off on their adventure. They rode to a remote meadow a coupla miles from the stable where they could practice some of the finer points of horsemanship. But before long their minds were back on their balls.

"Let's go bareback riding," Matt suggested, and by now they were ready for anything. Following his lead, they all stripped naked and remounted for a ride that was hard on their cum-filled balls but definitely a rise on the peter meter.

Up to this point they'd never all really been naked together even though they'd all been near it when they'd go swimming together. And it was clear

they all kind of liked the idea. Always-hot Brad was even riding around with a hardon, which they teased him unmercifully about and which he announced red-faced was the result of the stallion's movements between his legs. They all laughed, but Brad's hardon was giving them all ideas.

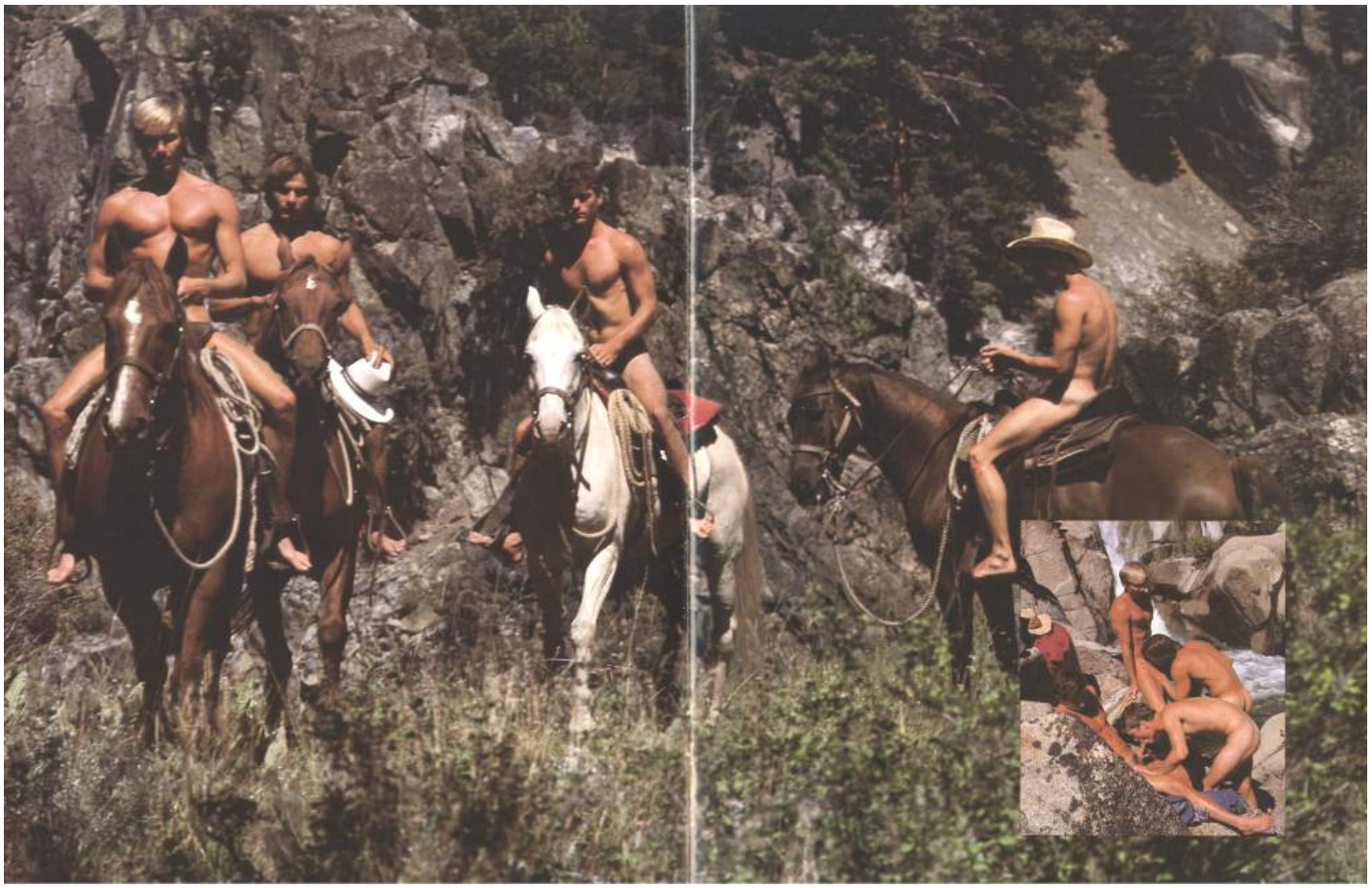
A short time later Matt suggested they give the horses a rest and do a little nude sunbathing in the meantime. "What if somebody comes along?" Steve worried. "Nobody from the stables ever rides up this far. I know. . . I've been here plenty of times." They all looked at him suspiciously. "Alone," he added.

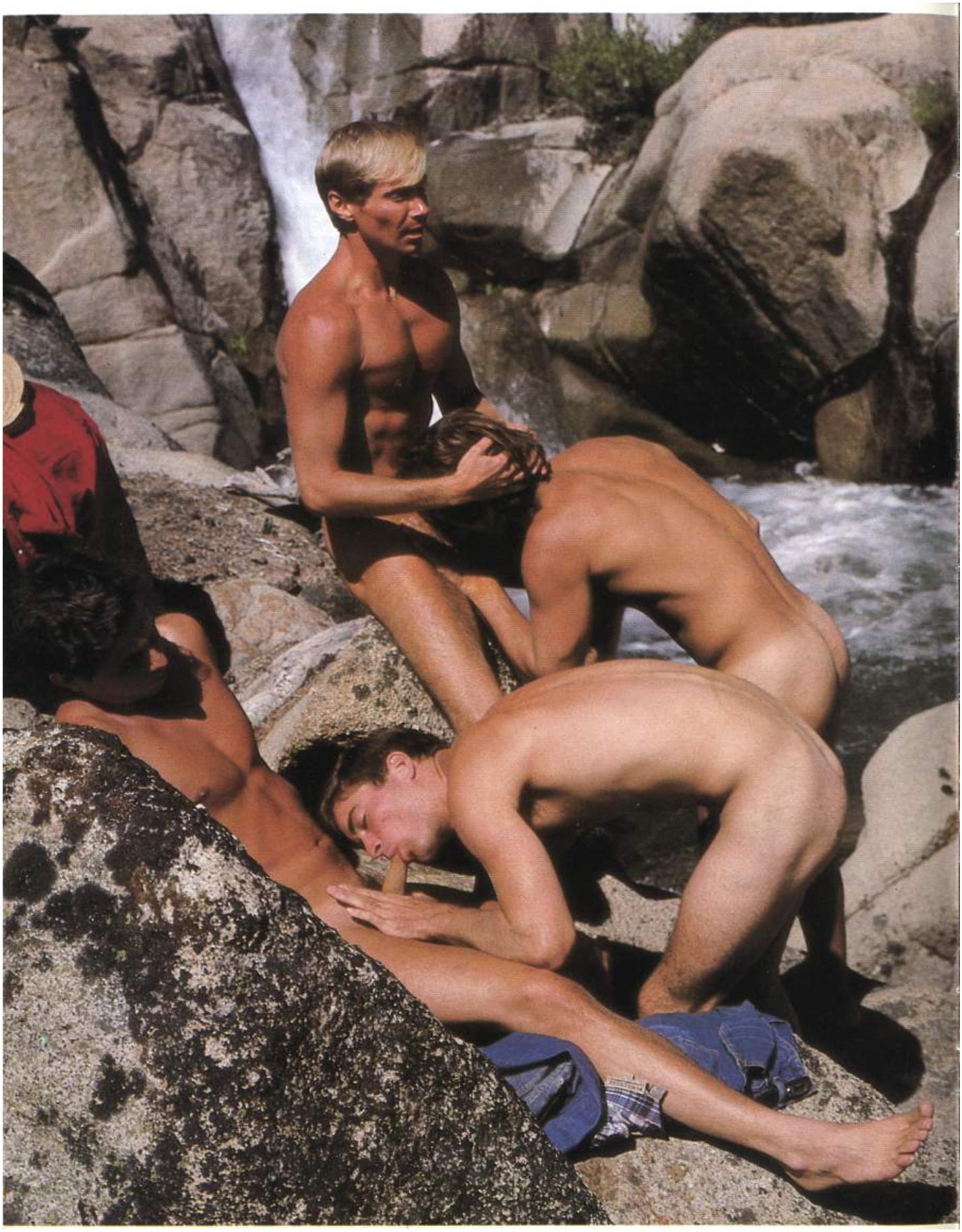
The sun's heat was the final touch to bringing all their dicks up and pointing towards the sky and now it was Brad's turn to razz them. "You just turned us on you little wimp," Rick cracked. This led to horseplay among buddies and that led to what would soon become an all-out orgy right there in the middle of the meadow.

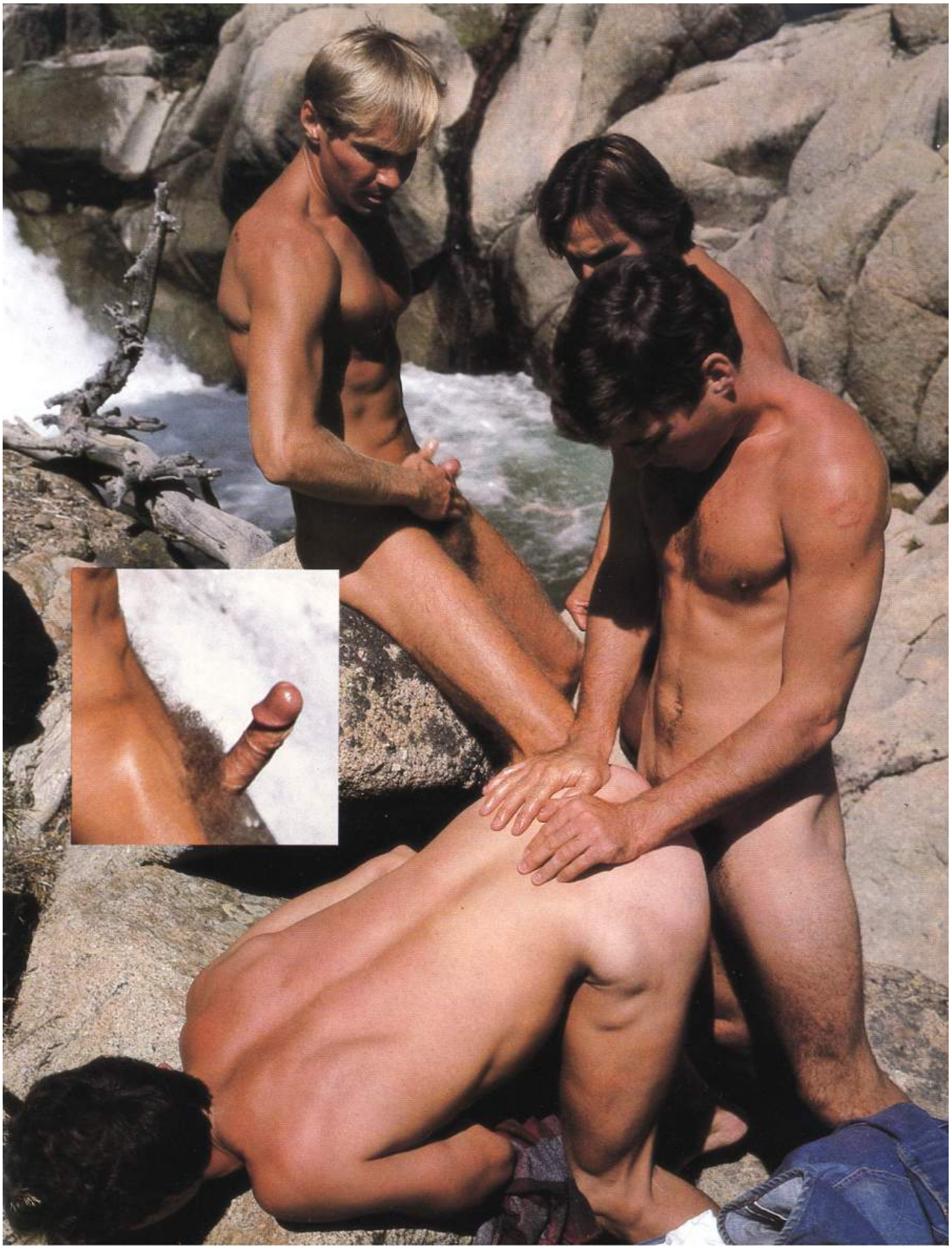
Nothing much was said. It all just came sorta naturally. And they all accepted it that way too. Pretty soon Brad was going down on Matt's horse dick and Rick and Steve were doing one another on the blanket they'd spread out on the ground.

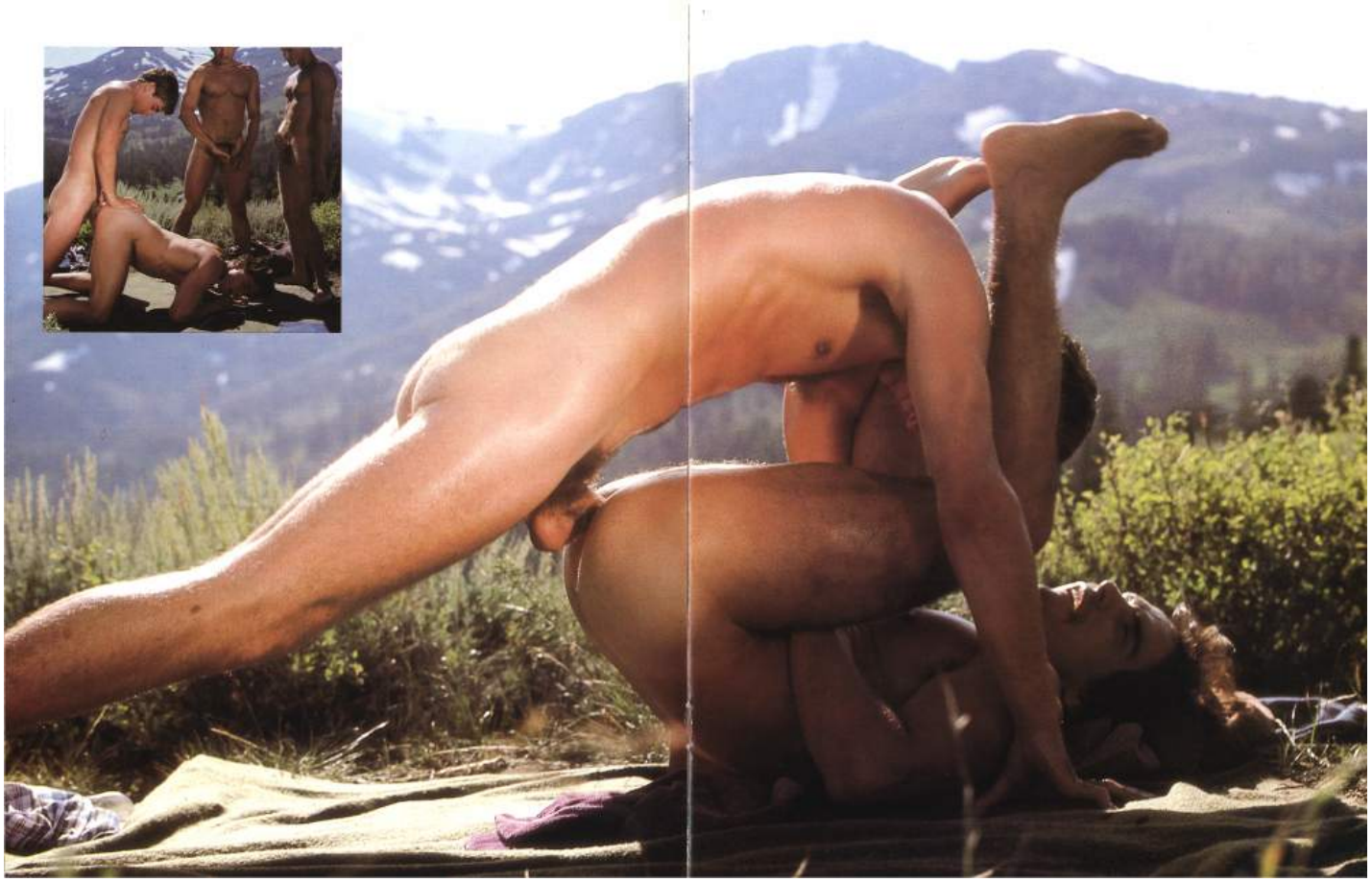
From then on in there wasn't anything the horses grazing nearby didn't witness. They paired up at first, but pretty soon they were locked in a four-way daisy chain on the blanket, holding back nothing and doing everything they'd always dreamed about doing with one another. The sucking led to rimming and the rimming led to fucking, and then it started all over again. And they didn't stop until they'd nearly exhausted every possible position and themselves. The fact that they were all best of friends only added to the excitement.

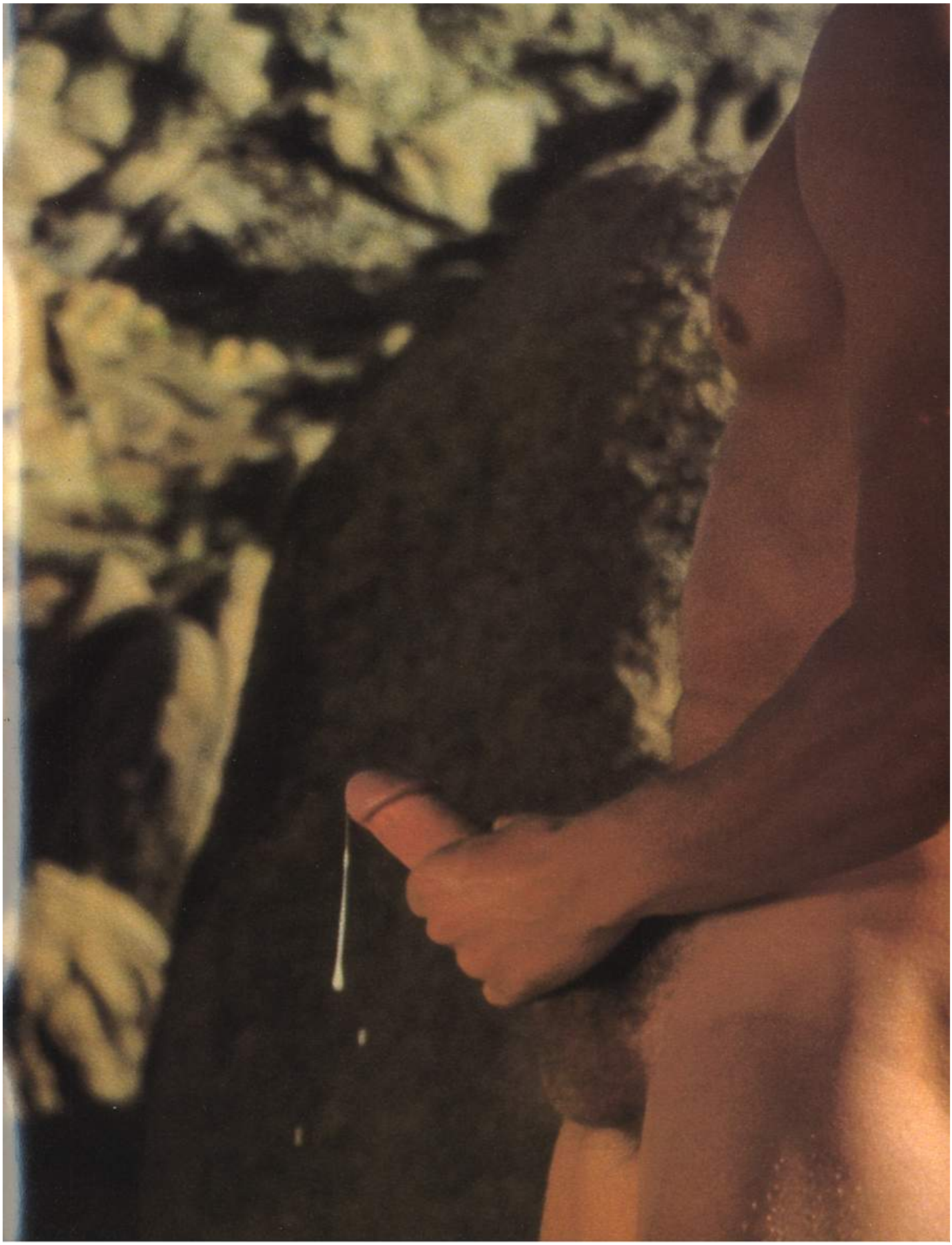
When they shot their pent-up horse loads all over one another they couldn't help but think about Matt's story which had gotten their juices flowing in the first place. But they never would know, even when it was all said and done, whether Matt had it all planned that way or not. And for months later, whenever they'd get together for their Friday night poker games, and ask him the truth, he'd just give 'em that damned mischievous grin.

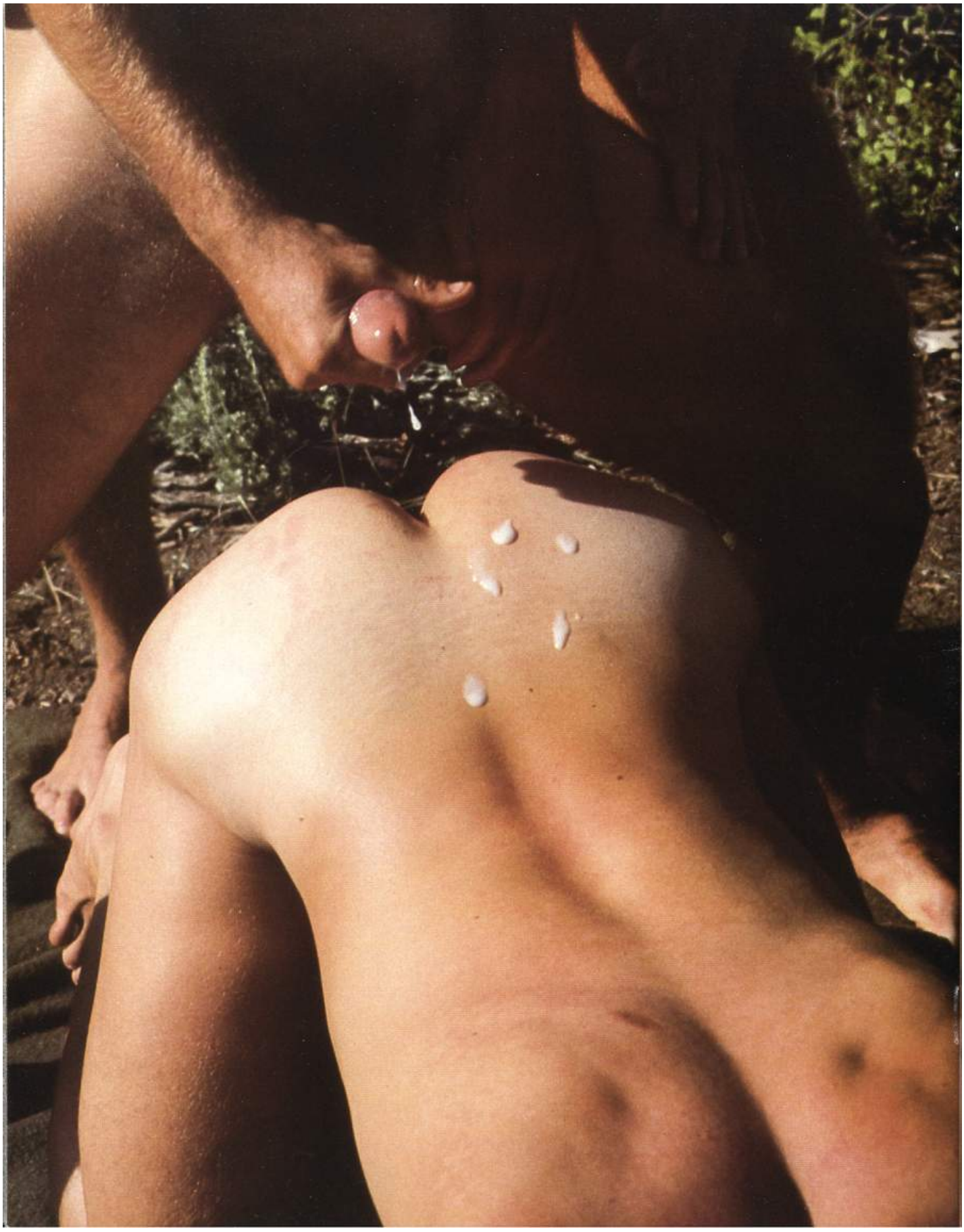












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